

The Daily Freeman. EVENING EDITION.

The Freeman.
With his hand upon his charter,
And his foot upon the soil,
He will stand—on his knees
For his Freedom and his God.

C. W. WILLARD, Editor.

J. W. WHEELLOCK, Printer.

MONTPELIER, VT.
TUESDAY, DEC 17, 1861.

HAVING CHOSEN OUR CAUSE WITHOUT GUILE
AND WITH PURE MOTIVES, LET US RENEW OUR
TRUST IN GOD AND GO FORWARD WITHOUT FEAR
AND WITH MANLY HEARTS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A DAILY FREEMAN

Will be published at this office until further notice. Two editions will be issued, one to be ready for the mail West, and the stages that leave Montpelier in the afternoon, the other in the morning in season for the morning mails. Each edition will contain the latest telegraphic news to the time of going to press.

The Terms will be,

\$4.00 per year, or \$1.00 for three months, to mail subscribers and those taking the paper from the office.

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Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms. Orders are solicited. C. W. WILLARD.

The Position of England in the Matter of Mason and Slidell.

Just what the instructions are which have been sent out by the British Ministry to Lord Lyons, relative to the affair of the Trent, remain yet in doubt, though we have foreign newspaper authority for a very belligerent version of them. It is, however, admitted that the Europa was detained twelve hours on account of the news by the Persia, and that the first draft of instructions was probably modified. As we haven't, therefore, precisely the official position of England on this seizure, we can only make guesses at it from the statements of their press. The London Times states it thus:

"The principle on which the Government rests its demand is that a British ship must, until her violation of neutral rights is fully proved, be held to be British ground as much as if she were an actual piece of British soil, and the right of protection to all persons on board is as valid as on British territory. Now no such violation has been proved or sought to be proved against the Trent, consequently the seizure of four persons, dragged from her decks, was entirely illegal."

That paper also gives the opinion of the law officers of the crown as follows:

"It is, we understand, the opinion of these jurists that the right of the Federal Government, acting by its officers, was confined to the visiting and the searching of the mail packet; that if any men or things believed to be contraband of war had been found on board of her, the proper course was to take her into port and submit the question to the prize courts, which would hear evidence and argument on both sides, and would have decided the case according to precedent and authorities."

It will be seen from these extracts that, by English authority itself, the protest against the act of Capt. Wilkes is directed mainly to the manner and forms through which Capt. Wilkes exercised the right of seizure; or, to use a familiar expression, that he took the matter into his own hands instead of referring it to the courts. Although this at first seems but a trifling distinction, it is, in fact, a very wide and clear one,—just as clear and obvious as the distinction between the right of redressing one's wrongs, or asserting one's rights under our own laws by force, and doing the same thing through the instrumentality of the law. It is just the distinction between a legal proceeding and a lawless one.

There must be a right and wrong to the question, which can be determined by reference to the proper authorities; though we are apprehensive that the diplomatic correspondence in connection with it, will get entangled if not confused by the differing views of England and this country in respect to the rebellion, one treating the rebels as belligerents, the other simply as insurgents. When we seek to justify Capt. Wilkes' act, we must do it in the light of our own treatment of the rebellion. The act of Capt. Wilkes was an assertion of power on the part of our Government and it must stand or fall by our rights and not by the wrong of England. This Nation cannot with proper self-respect justify Capt. Wilkes by quoting the policy of England towards the rebellion, until they are prepared to say that that policy is absolutely right; and we apprehend they are not quite prepared to admit that yet.

The question ought to be discussed temperately, and, as far as the official communications between the two Governments are concerned, no doubt will be, avoiding all the passionate zeal which will so largely enter into the harangues at public meetings, and the ebullitions and bluster of the press. Every person in the interest of Jeff. Davis, on both sides of the water, will do all he possibly can to bring about a war, and widen as far as possible the breach between the two nations; and this act ought to

lead us to carefully endeavor to honorably escape a war with England. The British press that has hitherto been most zealously in the interest of the South is now clamorous for war, and it is quite safe to believe that the same will be true in this country. Mr. Vallandigham, who is thought by many to be little better than a traitor at heart, is the very first man in Congress to bring forward a resolution which would shut the door to all adjustment; though the disposition of that resolution shows plainly that Congress will let the Cabinet and the President take care of the question. These little indications point very clearly to the interest that is to be subserved by a war with England, and ought certainly to be taken into account in deciding the mere questions of expediency that may arise pending this controversy. If Capt. Wilkes is justified by the law and practice of nations in the seizure of the traitors Mason and Slidell, of course the Government should stand by him with the whole power of the Nation. If he is not so justified, no false pride should be permitted to bring upon the Nation any new enemies.

The Late Fire at Charleston.

The recent conflagration at Charleston, South Carolina, partial accounts of which have been furnished us from rebel sources, was evidently very extensive and immensely destructive of property. The best part of the city must be in ashes. Whether the fire was set by negroes, does not appear clearly, though it is apparent, from such fragmentary accounts as reach us, that it was supposed to have been the work of the excited and restless slave population. If so, it is doubtless one of the fruits of the expedition to Port Royal, bringing, as it has done, to that disloyal State the news and the hope of deliverance to the slaves who, notwithstanding their kind treatment, have yet a desire for freedom, and possibly an appetite for revenge. We shall probably hear more from these slaves as the war progresses. The South, to be sure, has succeeded by its local laws in making them chattels, but it has not been able at the same time to beat out of them their human intelligence, and a desire to right their wrongs when an opportunity is given. Egypt was sorely punished, and finally its armies were swallowed up in the sea, because it would not let its slaves go, and it may be possible that this "divine institution" of later days may be bringing similar plagues upon the people who cling to it.

THE VERMONT AID SOCIETY has lately been organized for the purpose of finding homes for homeless orphans, and giving employment for three hundred lady operatives in making clothing for the soldiers, such as the Government shall order, and in making clothing for the New England and Canada market. They will also find situations for ladies who wish to do housework, &c. The net profits of this Society are to be used for benevolent purposes. We hope this Society will succeed, as it will do much good. Its officers are gentlemen of known ability. E. C. WARD, Esq., of Burlington, has accepted the office of President and General Superintendent of the Society. The office and rooms will probably be located at Burlington or Montpelier. This establishment would be a fine addition to our village.

IMPROVEMENTS IN MONTPELIER.—Our village is not having a very rapid increase, but appears, even in these discouraging times, to be progressing fairly in its improvements. A new street has been opened the past Fall, from Barre street through the old school-house grounds, and over the neck of the hill east to the new Union school house. Several old buildings have been fitted up anew, and several new dwelling houses have been erected; while a new Post Office building does credit to the place. Several improvements have been made on the Berlin side of the river. New houses have been erected or finished, and J. R. Langdon has added a large building to his before extensive flouring establishment.

VERMONT SOLDIERS DECEASED.—The following deaths in Gen. Smith's division were reported at Washington on Saturday:

Edward Squares, Sergeant, Company A, Sixth Vermont.

Edward C. Dow, private, Company B, Fifth Vermont.

Royal S. Hill, private, Company A, Sixth Vt. L. Headley, private, Company K, Second Vt. The body of Hill will be conveyed to Vermont for interment, and the others are to be buried in the division cemetery.

SHARPSHOOTING.—A correspondent from Edwards Ferry writes to a New York paper the following account of some attention paid by our sharpshooters to the rebels on Tuesday of last week:

"On that day, the day after the fight at Conrad's Ferry, while Gen. Stone was endeavoring to make good his position on the Virginia side, although a whole brigade of rebels stood forth in line and menaced us, the Southern standard could not be reared before our eyes. Three successive times the banners were shot down, until it was allowed to droop into some obscure and invisible corner. I believe that one sharpshooter alone kept the disunion flag down. He never saw it rise but that he made its bearer instantly fall with it."

(Our War Correspondence.)

From the Second Vermont Regiment.
CAMP GRIFFIN, Fairfax County, Va.,
Dec. 11, 1861.

EDITOR FREEMAN:—By way of preface I ought to say that my rank here is that of a private, and privates are expected to know just enough to obey orders. Many of us have yet to learn even this. As for the plans our superiors are laying out for us to execute we know as little as a horse knows of the plans of his driver. The answer we are obliged to give to all inquiries, is one that would be perfectly familiar to those who belonged to a certain secret political organization noted chiefly for its hostility to foreigners.

This regiment would relish a fight now extremely well. When that event takes place you may be assured the Vermont Second will do their share to wipe out the stigma upon our arms, which they have coveted the privilege of doing ever since the Bull Run disaster.

Since the boys here have received their new clothes, they have been able to keep themselves tolerably comfortable. Before this they had just cause for complaint. I cannot very highly recommend some of the clothing they have given us. I have seen some of these blue pants after a fortnight's service, so far gone as to be actually indecent to wear. Some of the boys have no rubber blanket, nor bed-tick, nothing but the ground to lie on. These articles are very necessary,—almost indispensable. Many of the soldiers would gladly accept an extra woolen blanket these cold nights. In other respects we are as comfortably provided for as our circumstances will allow. You must bear in mind, however, that I lay no claim to any extended observation.

Most of the large tents have small stoves in them made especially for this business. The boys procured them on their own hook. They are bound to keep warm if possible. The tent I occupy is the smallest-sized army tent. To call these tents contemptible is using the mildest term that will apply to them. I don't know their exact dimensions in feet and inches, but a man any above the medium height, lying down, can touch the opposite sides of one of these tents with his head and feet at the same time, and the united breadth of five ordinary men will cover its entire length. Three others with myself make one of these our temporary home. When we are all in the tent, together with our bed blankets, overcoats, knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, guns and equipments, besides having a fireplace and generally as much as a half cord of wood on hand seasoning for use you may imagine that there is but little room to spare. This is no Gulliver tale. We contrived to make so much of so little room by digging down and settling the floor (i. e. the ground) of our tent about two feet and then building up around this excavation with logs in regular Tippecanoe style about two feet more and over the whole placing our cloth tent. This basement protects us securely from the wind, is quite warm, and affords us a chance to stand erect anywhere within our circumscribed limits while before we could do so only along the middle of the tent. We made a sort of platform for a bed on each end of the tent which gives us room, underneath for our wood, &c. On one side we excavated a fireplace with an opening to the surface of the ground outside the tent around which we built a chimney. The soil here is of a peculiar kind of clay indigenous to this locality and when heated by fire it becomes firm as a rock. Two of our number sleep on the ground with their feet in pretty close proximity to this fireplace. Neglecting to place a big stone before it one night to protect them nearly cost us our lives. A wool blanket took fire, and before we awoke we were nearly suffocated with smoke.

The Vermont M. C.'s made us a visit last Saturday, and out of curiosity peeped into this tent. They admired our ingenuity, but were apprehensive that living below the surface of the ground was prejudicial to health. Our experience however fails to corroborate this view. To our anxious friends at home, I beg leave to say that the fire in our rude fire place draws remarkably well, and we find no difficulty in keeping ourselves warm by it this cold weather.—There are other tents fitted up in a manner similar to ours, and some of the boys have built regular log huts.

But my letter is swelling far beyond the dimensions intended. That we may prove ourselves worthy sons of Vermont, and inherit the title of Green Mountain Boys, with all its heroic luster, is the firm determination of every brave heart, and their number is not few.

ANTI-REBEL, 2d Regiment.

MUST HELP UNCLE SAM FIRST.—A farmer in Wisconsin had a son who joined the Eighth Regiment of that State without his father's consent. Several letters were written by the father to the son, while the regiment were in quarters at Camp Randall, for the purpose of persuading him to return. At last he wrote him that he must come—that he had a large amount of threshing to do—that he could not afford to hire help, if it were to be had, which was hardly possible, owing to the number of enlistments—and that he must return home and help him, even if he enlisted again afterward. The young man replied: "Dear Father—I can't go home at present. I should be very glad to help you, but Uncle Sam has got a mighty sight bigger job of threshing on hand than you have, and I'm bound to see him out of the woods first."

THERE ARE NO TRIFLES.—There are no such things as trifles in the biography of man. Drops make up the sea. Acorns cover the earth with oaks, and the ocean with navies. Sands make up the bar in the harbor's mouth, on which vessels are wrecked; and little things in youth accumulate into character in age, and destiny in eternity. All the links in that glorious chain which is in all and around all, we can see and admire, or at least admit; but the staple to which all is fastened, and which is the conductor of all, is the throne of Deity.

Where I see a house well furnished with books and papers, there I see intelligent and well-informed children; but if there are no books or papers, the children are ignorant, if not profligate.

Retrospect of an American Mother.

"I understand you; I passed through all that years ago!" said a gray-haired, careworn mother, to whom we were mournfully talking about the boys' enlistment. "But there's a comfort for you. There's something to die for now: this is a war for rights and liberties; that was a cruel war of conquest that took our children in 1847."

"I never shall forget the day Charley came to ask me if he might enlist. It was a wet, gloomy day in early February. It had been raining steadily all the week. This was Wednesday, and now the wind had refreshed a little, and the clouds were moving, but it was heavy and stormy still. It was dark by four o'clock, and I was hurrying to get my fine work done before dark, thinking about him all the time. He had been out of work six weeks. I had done everything I could think of for him; had applied everywhere, and got the cold shoulder from all our rich relations. I knew he was almost discouraged, and I didn't dare ask his father to let him stay at home. All six of the girls were at home then, and work was dull."

"I was trying hard to contrive some plan just as the door opened, and he came in. He sat down with such a tired, discouraged look, I knew in a minute he hadn't had any luck. The girls were sewing and singing by one window and I at the other; the children had not come home yet. I had just put down a new carpet, and put up a new cooking-stove; we looked pretty comfortable for the hard times. Well, he sat there and looked around, and noticed everything. He was a great home boy, and thought there was no one so smart as his mother."

"Where did this new carpet come from mother?" said he.

"I earned it."

"And the stove too?"

"Yes, that old affair was fairly burned out."

"You're a great woman," he said.

"I wish I was great enough to get you a good place," I said.

"Have you been to see the Joneses?"

"Your father said he'd speak to them."

"Yes; they can't do anything for me; said he, kind of choked up a little."

"I kept stitching and thinking; and the girls, poor foolish things, kept singing; and he sat still, watching us. I knew his heart was full, but I hadn't guessed what it was full of. By and by, clearing his throat suddenly, he said, 'Mother, I believe I'll enlist, if you'll only say so!'"

"Bolst!" cried the girls, turning pale. "O Charley!" was all I could say. The word fell like death on me. It was the first time he had ever mentioned it."

"When he saw how we took it he was full enough to cry, I could see. He was always easy touched, and he loved his sisters and his mother, as I thought, with unusual affection, give you all a farm; and perhaps I'll get promoted; and then when I come back times will be good, and everything will go on smooth. Say yes, mother, and I'll be satisfied."

"I could not say yes. We had talked till long after dark, and all the street-lamps were lit. The girls got up to get tea and presently father came in. He looked a little out of humor when he found Charley there. He always thought his boys mustn't hang about home much after they had left it. If he had only said one word against it that night Charley might have been saved."

Here the mother stopped to force back the tears and bitter recollections.

"By and by I told him about it, and he only said, 'Probably it would be the best thing he could do!'"

"Such a smart, steady, affectionate boy as Charley always had been, I sat and wondered how he could give him up so easy. Before he went away that night I had given my consent. That week I cried myself down sick. The next time he came home he had on his uniform, and tried to seem very cheerful, though I could see he had to feign it all. He laughed with the girls, and promised to bring the children home curiosities, and did all he could to make us think he was contented."

"I had blamed myself all the week, for I felt that I had left one thing undone. So, after they had all gone to bed, I told him that if he would only stay I would go to the bank and draw the hundred dollars I had deposited and let him have it to use. I had just begun to lay up a little. I don't think he knew anything about it before. But it was no use."

"No, mother," he said, "you have said I could go; now nothing shall hinder me."

"This was Tuesday. On Thursday they were all to be on board. He stayed that night and the next day. We all sewed, and got what things we could ready for him, and promised to send a box after him. But it was heavy-hearted work with him looking on for the last time, I very well knew. Next day, at tea-time, I sent one of the children up to his little room to tell him tea was ready, and she came back and said he wasn't there, and the door was locked. I ran up; I found the key hanging by the window of the next room. I unlocked the door; he was gone, and had taken all his things. He had stolen off to keep from bidding us good-by—poor, tender-hearted, unfortunate boy!"

"Three months afterward he died of fever in the hospital at Puebla."

"But I seem to think I could bear it well if I had your comfort. Your volunteers fight for freedom, and on their own soil. I never should complain if mine had been sacrificed to anything but glory and conquest. Let him go, and rejoice that you can help a great cause. But mine! He died alone and in a

foreign land, and lies in a forgotten, nameless grave!"

SALT FOR THE THROAT.—In these days when diseases of the throat are so prevalent, and so many cases fatal, the use of common salt is recommended as an effectual remedy. A sufferer says: "We commenced by using it three times a day—morning, noon, and night. We dissolved a large table-spoonful of pure table salt in about half of a small tumbler of cold water. With this we gargled the throat most thoroughly just before going to bed. The result has been, that during the entire Winter we were not only free from the usual coughs and colds to which, so far as our memory extends, we have always been subject, but the dry, hacking cough has entirely disappeared. We attribute the satisfactory results entirely to the salt gargle."

These chaste affections, these throbbings of heart, these thirstings of souls for the loved and absent, at once assure us that true love does not readily die—that God has made the ties which bind human hearts together—that celestial Love and infinite Goodness have ordained a reunion of the good and true as part the best realization of heaven. "Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood out of every nation and people and tongue"—the joy of praise to Christ, and of mutual recognition as fellow saints.

Mails in Montpelier.

Southern and Eastern mail closes at 7:45 a. m. arrives at 5:15 p. m.

Northern and Western closes at 3:45 p. m. arrives at 9:15 a. m.

Night Mail for Boston and New York closes at 10 o'clock, P. M.

All matter for these mails must be in the office before the time of closing, to go the same day.

Barre mail arrives daily at 8:30 a. m. departs every day on arrival of Southern.

Bradford mail arrives daily at 4:30 p. m. departs daily at 8:00 a. m.

Danville arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 12 o'clock, a. m.; departs Monday, Wednesday, and Fridays at 5 o'clock p. m.

Barton arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 3:20 p. m.; departs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 9:45 a. m.

Hyde Park, by Worcester and Rimore, arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5:00 p. m.; departs same as Barton.

Chelsea arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 p. m.; departs same as Danville.

Calais mail arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 1:00 p. m.; leaves alternate days on arrival of Western.

Berlin from two to six times a week.

Office hours from 7:00 a. m. to 8:00 p. m.

JAMES G. FRENCH, P. M.

Montpelier, May 1, 1861.

For Lillnesses use Dr. Gifford's Homeopathic Curative, or if you or your children are troubled with some or have the colic, diarrhea, dysentery, coughs, colds, are nervous and have the toothache, headache, neuralgia, headache or dyspepsia use the proper medicine, which he has prepared for the disease. Thousands have been relieved and cured by their use, and why should not you? All of his curatives sold by P. E. Smith, Montpelier, Vt. Agent, or they will be sent per mail on receipt of the price, 25 cents per box, to any part of the country by all dressing M. N. Burr & Co., wholesale, Boston, Mass., or Philip Lee, 136 William street, New York.

Married.

In E. Hardwick, Dec. 11th, at the Baptist parsonage, Rev. E. Evans, Deacon L. Page of Cabot, and Miss Kate L. Maxfield of Craftsbury.

In Sheldon, Nov. 28, by Rev. W. R. Puffer, Mr. Henry H. Eldred, of Sheldon, and Miss Julia E. Hyer, of Cambridge.

At the Hotel in West Topsham, Nov. 19, by Rev. W. E. McAllister, Mr. John N. Eastman, of Washington, and Miss Ellen C. Board, of Orange.

In Pittsfield, Nov. 18, by Rev. E. C. Bass, Mr. Louis Phillips, of Pittsfield, and Miss Julia Ann Parker, of Shaburne.

In Lyndon, Nov. 28, by Rev. P. N. Granger, Mr. Henry L. Inger, and Miss Adeline H. Hild, both of Lyndon.

In Plainfield, Nov. 18, by Rev. P. P. Ray, Nathan Austin, of Marshfield, and Miss Lurina Orant, of Cabot.

In Cabot, Dec. 10th, by the same, Ezekiel Hallett, Jr. of Boston, Mass., and Miss Esther Stone, of Cabot.

Died.

In Barre, Nov. 17th, George Herbert, infant son of J. Peck, aged 3 months. Nov. 19th, Edie L. Peck, aged 4 years and 6 months.

In Willamstown, Oct. 11, Laura H., daughter of J. Hazen Clark, aged 7 months.

At Camp Griffin, Va., Nov. 16th, in the hospital, of phoid fever, Newell Carleton, aged 19, son of Dr. Francis Carleton, of Willamstown, corporal in Co. B, 4th regiment Vermont Volunteer. His remains were sent to Willamstown, where his funeral was attended on the 4th inst. by a large concourse of sympathizing friends and townsmen.

In Woodbury, Dec. 10th, Peter Lyford, aged 58 years and 11 months.

In Woodbury, Vt., Nov. 8th, Mr. Abel E. Danforth aged 64 years 5 months and 4 days.

The deceased had left a deeply afflicted companion, an aged mother, two daughters, together with numerous friends, who feel their loss, and mourn his departure, yet mourning friends feel that their loss is his gain.

(The following are the lines of the bereaved daughter.)

Farewell, farewell, what words can tell
The sorrows of a last farewell.

When standing by the mournful bier,
We mingle with our sighs, a tear.

Then memory tells of days gone by,
Of blighted hopes and banished joy.

—Bright hope that faded like a flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

Father, farewell, a long farewell
Our bitter grief no tongue can tell.

Yet Jesus lifts our thoughts above
To Heaven his home, a-bode of love.

Printed in Vermont, Mass., and N. H. please copy.

In Barre, Dec. 7, of strangulated hernia, Mr. Oren Wheaton, aged about 49, a valuable and widely respected citizen.

JOHN HUMPHREY, MACHINIST. Keene N. H.

Manufacturer of Stationary and Portable Steam Engines, Lathes, Drills, and Bolt Cutters, Planing Machines, Circular Saw-Mills, Clapnet Machines, Improved Patent Clothes-Pin, Bobbin, Spool, and other Wood-working Machinery.

Also, Improved Central Discharge Turbine Water wheels, adapted to any height of water—efficient, durable and cheap.

SHAFTING, GEERING and MILL WORK of every description, made to order, in a thorough and economical manner.

Have for sale one Second Hand 12 Horse Power Stationary Engine and Boiler, with fixtures all complete, in good order. Also, several Woolworth, Planing and other Machinery, from 15 to 25 inches wide, and a variety of other Machinery. Prices low.

Keene, N. H. July 18, 1861